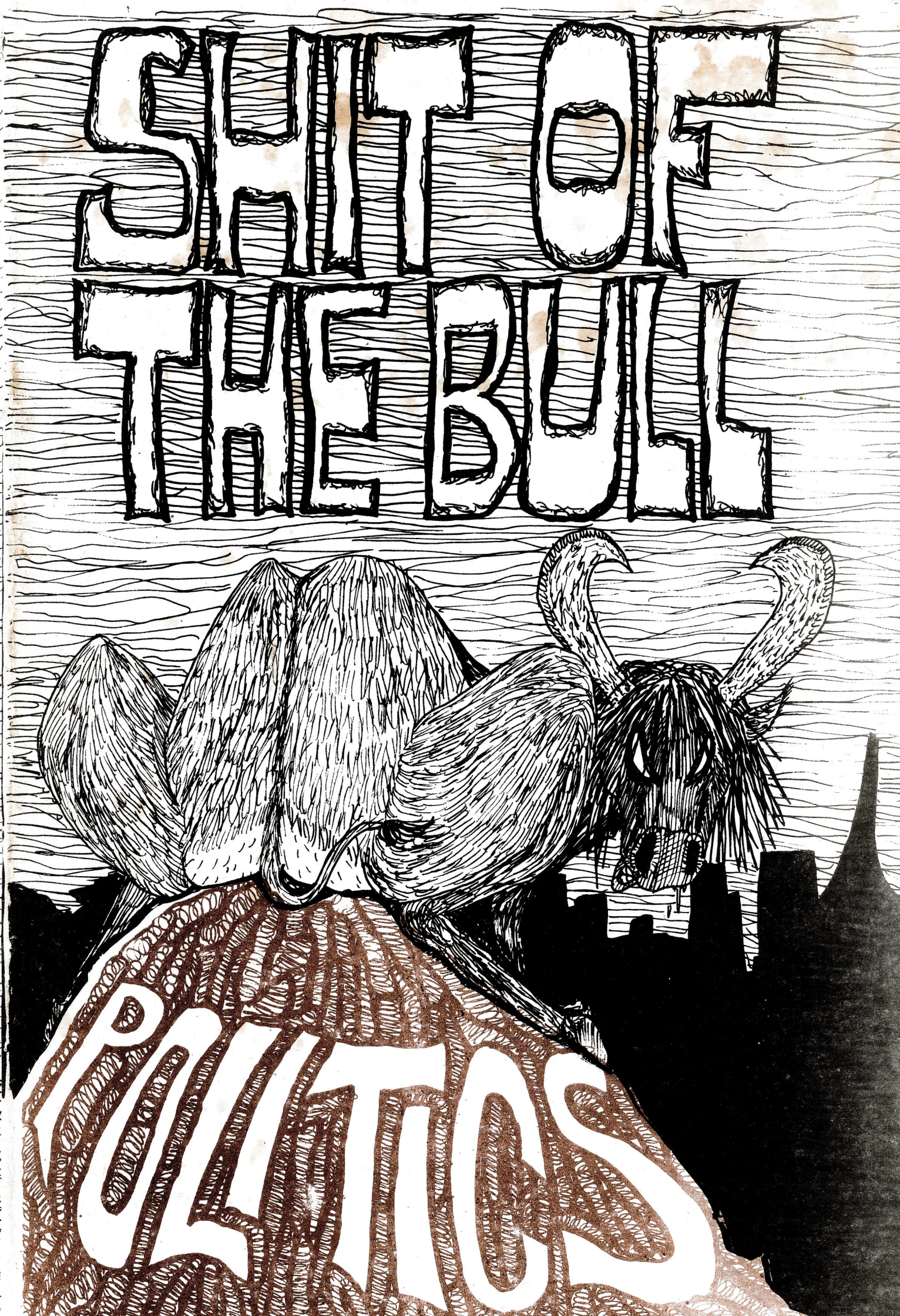
S.H.I.T. OF THE BULL



POLITICS

Hello and welcome to this, the first issue of "Shit Of The Bull". My name is Macka and this 'zine is basicly my first effort at such a thing. It includes mostly my own writing, with the (possible, at time of writing) exception of an excert from the book "Cassette Mythos" published by Autonomedia.

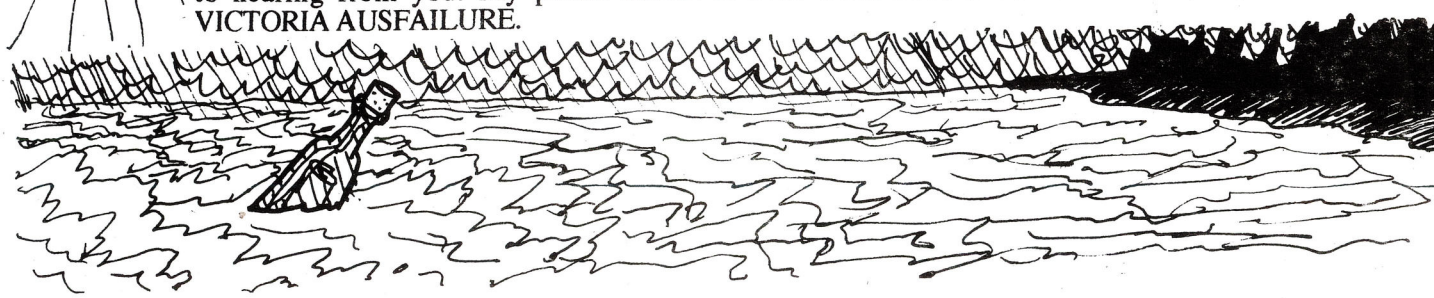
The general reason behind this 'zine, as with most 'zines, is to communicate ideas. I have no real desire at this stage to interview bands, review c.d.'s or gigs, or to promote "independant music" in general, so allready I hope this does'nt fall into the usual 'zine catagory. Instead, I've basicly written about whatever I feel strongly about. I wont hide the fact that most of these articles are political in nature, and I understand that most 'zine readers dont like heavy doses of politics. I should say then that everything I write is based on my feelings and ideas, and therefore I would regard this as a "personal" 'zine, for want of a better word. There are no other contributors. I don't intend to solicit other people for their contributions; it's a tired old story for editors to wait for nothing to arrive and end up doing the whole thing themselves, but that's not the point of this anyway.

This is basicly me, what I think and want to say, to you , the reader. Whoever you are, I'm interested in making my ideas known to you. Not sure why, I don't know what anything I would write would do for anyone else, but it's something I've done more or less for it's own sake. I know better than to expect many people to react to this; 'zines are merely commodities collected at will and left to gather dust after the first few reads, and it's hardly surprising given the content of most of them. I feel strongly that 95% of bands should not be interviewed. Mostly, the interveiwer will ask ridiculous questions, but to expect a rock group to have anything of value to say harkens to the pretention of mainstream rock magazines. Band interviews are simply a way of padding 'zines out. The same for reviews; it's just too easy for people to give an opinion on their c.d. collection. Might as well review their pot plants or their curtains, it would certainly be more origional. I love music but reviews are, once again, a hangover from the mainstream music press. I would love to see more 'zine writers move on and leave their goupyism behind; I appreciate there are exceptions, but the problem is they only prove the rule. Writing about modern music should'nt be restricted to the usual formula.

My efforts so far to communicate with whoever is out there has in the past been based on whatever medium I've had access to; print, music, public radio and so forth. While I like to put my thought out to the world I prefer a two-way system; I like feedback. The problem with putting our tapes of music, as enjoyable it is for me, is that it is usually lapped up as more entertainment, and the response is mostly along the likes of "do you have any other demoes for sale?". Pretty sickening. With this, I'm hoping that the words themselves will be made more clear, and while I realise I'm limiting my potential mail intake, I'm hoping any feedback I do get will be more qualitive. 'Zine swapping is great, of course, but I'm hoping for more than "here's mine for yours seeya". If you read what I've bothered to do here, you'll notice that these opinions can't just be sucked up, they need to be questioned, challenged, clarified and discussed. Everything I've written should be seen as MY OPINION ONLY; nothing more, nothing less. That means that comment from others is required. This is about communication, not throwing any old thing to the wind. I'm not copping out by specifying that htese are my opinions only; it's true and there's nothing wrong with expressing ideas, as long as those ideas are'nt stationary, but are influenced by the opinions of others. While I will maintain this 'zine as personal, and have no plans to aks others to write for it, it is my personal message in a bottle to whoever wants to respond, in whatever way. It's not a forum for debate, it's a contribution to the much wider forum allready going on. I'd hate to think the art of questioning things and communication is dead and gone in a comsumer-fucked society. Debate happens all the time, or it should. This is my part of that debate.

To make things crystal clear, I'm an anarchist and expect some response from the anarchist community, movement, scene or whatever it is. But I don't care who I hear from. I'll be honest with anyone who responds, and that means if your an authoritarian of any political spectrum, I'll most likely fuck you off. I'd rather spend energy communicating with equals than trading insults with the narrow minded. Tne respect you get from me is correspnded to the respect you give. I am all for opposing points of view, as long as the spirit of debate is comradely and intelligent. I know as much as you do.

Anyway, I hope you, whoever you are, do get something from this. And I look forward to hearing from you. My postal adress is P.O. BOX 356, BRUNSWICK, 3056, VICTORIA AUSFAILURE.



LEAVE THE CITIES

Part of the majour upheaval in shifting what the bosses see as raw human recourse from place to convenient place in recent times has been the long but devestating process of gentrification in the inner cities. It was once convenient for the bosses to have "workers' cottages" within the inner suburbs, to house the peons who worked the industrial factories and waited on them in their resturaunts and private clubs. In the 80's the middle-class borgouise re-invented itself as the yuppy, an easily identifiable creature who forced its selfish, money-minded attitude through the media on us all. This scum found an asthetic pleasure in the "quaint" arcitecture of what used to be the homes of the proles, and with its vast recources relocated itself to the inner-cities. Attracted by the sub-cultural "cool" of scenes the proles made, delighted by the convenience of being closer to the offices and banks they worked in, and brought in by estate-agents and other scum eager to have the more stabel rent of the yuppies, these bastards moved into the areas that once where filled with the very lowest levels of the proles, the unemployed, homeless and criminal class who had made communities for themselves away from the suburbs that the borgouise once called home. As a result, the money minded petty-borgouise who had their shops and cafes in the inner cities smelt money and began to cater to the heartless, souless shit who wanted the chic of inner city life but hang onto the stability of the middle-class birthrights. We where forced out, with the assistence of the propertied phglem who much prefered the invaders to the underclass natives. The poLICE would rather round up street-kids and deroes than flag down speeding Porches anyway.

This phenomona is only a recent part of the long ourstory of proles being shoved around at the bosses convenience. The ruling-class overlords delighted that their capitalist system once again re-asserted itself, inventing new markets and taking care of prospective trouble in the crowded, prole -infested inner-cities. Too many poor people in one area can communicate and get ideas. It's an ongoing saga and one that has and is repeating itself here and overseas.

It's not surprising that many anarchists and other prole trouble-makers have found themselves in the inner cities. With zillions of empty buildings to squat, and umpteen proles on the lowest rungs, like themselves, the revolutionaries found fertile ground to sow the seeds of discontent. Success varied of course due to myriad factors, but the stench of anarchy is always present in these areas and upsets the nostrils of the dogs who want only the passive blood of wage-slaves. When anarchists have pulled themselves away from the drugs and pubs and gotten into the streets the state has always reacted with the swiftest means possible. Well it might.

But the state is stronger and the state always wins in the end, when its long-set out plans reach conclusion. The process of gentrification is part of the now full-on process of the ruling -class "reclaiming", as it where, the inner-cities it seemed to have lost. St.Kilda, Fitzroy, Brunswick and soon to be many more inner-suburbs, once decent prole stongholds (give or take) are now yuppy pestholes. The underclass remain, but once again are fragmented and homeless, poverty struck, and without any kind of base from which to organise and mobalise. The instances of spontanious organised resistance, usually typified by Koorie groups or "street-kids", homeless youth, should not be smugly underestimated. The poLICE take them seriously enough. But neither should they be glorified out of proportion. The poLICE invaribly win these confrontaions (but not always ha ha). Within the larger scale of things, these uprisings, demoes, squat-resistances, riots and other tastes of prolitarian anger are a definate thorn in the side of the system but not yet the death of it.

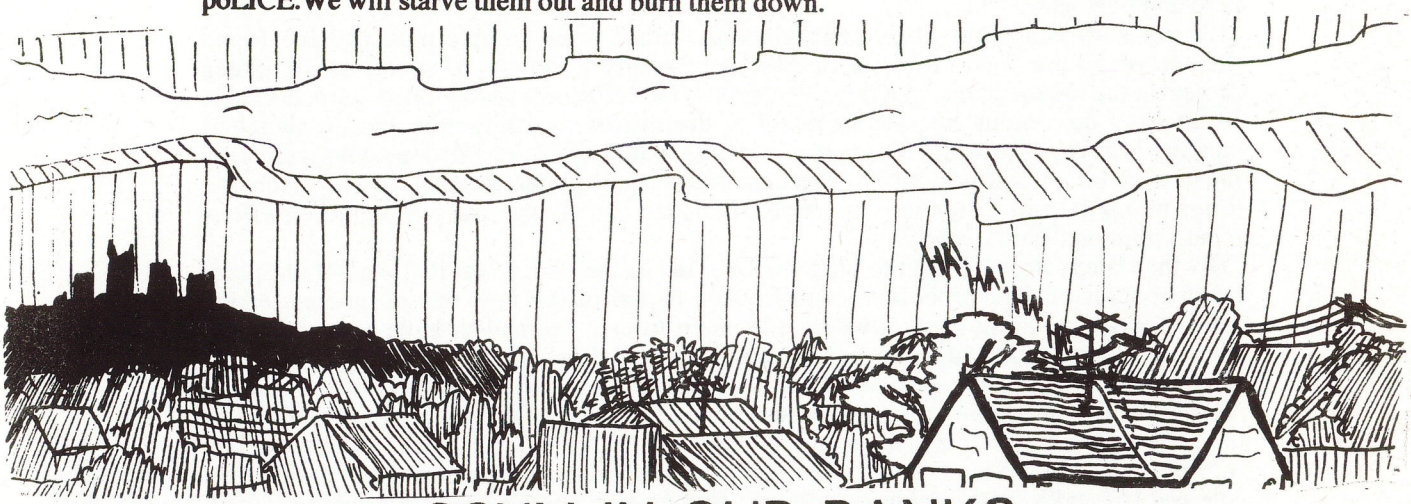
Nowdays, many trouble-makers, anarchist and otherwise, find ourselves pushed further out and in one comrades's words "biting the suburban bullet". The suburbs have rightly been a symbol of mediocrity and have always been perseeved by anarchists as a thin veneer of bullshouige borshit respectibility over a seething mass of happy-families going to hell,

drowning in a silent ocean of domestic violence, drug-abuse, incest, and represses wierdness and destrucion.

What better, more fertile ground to sow the seeds of the next wave of warfare aginst the state!

In these triple-fronted brick-veneered purgatories, now being deserted by the new groovey middle-class to open their entertainment and service industries in the inner-cities, taking essential state services with them (the fucking yuppies move into once working-class areas that dedicated, honorable battlers fought to provide with health-centers, creches, public-transport etc. and now reap the benefits, while we get fuck all once again) , we will find hordes of discontented proles, with new ideas and new struggles to wage, fertile new ground once thought barren. The veneer of respectability is thin and ripe for shattering. We can propagandise against the hypocritical bullshit of the patriarchal family, the work ethic, the car culture, everything we are at war with. But more than just "issues", we can find among the emerging youth the dissatisfaction with a country that promises everything and gives nothing, and we can hopefully make links to exchange ideas of combat and survival. The next generations of barbarians will be saturated with media images; can we break through the bullshit and expose our views of this? We can only try.

Let us leave the inner-cities to its yuppy plague, to its bled-white trendy scenes, to its new industries and to its filth and pollution. Let us decentralise. Let us make the effort to make new friends among those we never even thought of. Let us take our propaganda to the outer suburbs and make the efforts now to flood the towns with anarchy's anger and innovation. Here are the best places for our communal gardens, our self-managed creches, our social nights, our networks and federations. The cities will become exclusive seiges, like the fuedal castles of old. Let us surround them with hordes upon hordes of anarchist communities, autonimous and federated, leaderless and united, filled with self respect, pride, and utter contempt for the gutless scum who cower behind their ranks of poLICE.We will starve them out and burn them down.



SCUM IN OUR RANKS

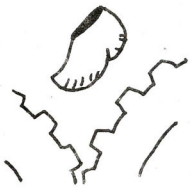
Recently I heard on the radio a prole relate his experiences in a six-month training scheme, of the type the Labour party vainly hoped would allow it to retain power in government. This bloke was talking about how many of the dogs-bodies shunted into this scheme via the case-managers of the C.E.S. and private job-referal bodies where ex-cons, manouvered into the schemes on the grounds of being given a second chance. The relevance of this, according to the individual on the radio and his mate who was interveiwing him, was that there where those involved in the scheme who "wanted to be there" and thoses who "did'nt care", and there was a definate line. In this case, one of the ex-cons was tormenting another of the peons in the scheme, to the point where this victum retaliated by striking his tormentor over the head with a shovel. Naturally, the victum who fought back copped the penalty and the bloke he "assaulted" remained in the scheme. Thus was the attitude of La Trobe university, who took on all these extra peons at no cost to itself, being subsidised by the state gov't.

It made me think of my time in a similar scheme. I was mostly working by myself at a couple of primary schools in Richmond, and would meet my fellow workers only at Homesglen College of TAFE where we would (not) learn tiling, plastering, painting etc. For the most part, the small group of all-men where a well meaning and decent bunch of workers, mostly unemployed for being too old
or being only trained in nearly redundant industries. But we where a part of a larger group, taken on by Homesglen, which did include ex-cons.

One thing I noticed about Homesglen, being a training ground for trades apprentices, was the stench of tertosterone. It was an enviroment that some of these ex-cons fitted into well.

When the buerocratic morons who ran this scheme called for an end of year barbeque at the TAFE, I met some of the other groups for the first time. Instead of friendly, open-minded people such as I had been working with, I encountered the type of ignorant, sperm-brained moron I have always and will always loathe. Loud, boorish, self-sentered and ultimatly posers, these dickheads not only put me off but, as I could see and as always happens, everyone else off. The idea of hanging around being friendly with the beurocrats who put me through this episode of half-life was bad enough, having to choose between them and the fuckheads who where supposed to be my fellow workers sent me home as early as I could.

But just because they spent some time in prison dosent mean they are dickheads. We all know that jails are the concentration camps of democracy, the Hobbesian "Alle Geigen Alle" ("All Against All") training grounds for the perfect peon. It's no surprise that that environent attracts and perfects the nihilistic individualist if not outright creates them. I've never been in jail, but I have mates who have, and being involved with anarchy, you here enough. It's no real secret. The "bloody holiday camp colour telly heated swimming pools" myth as believed by "The "Herald-Sun" letter writers dosent hold that much credibility.



The thing is, such traitors to the class, these macho self-obssessed dickheads, always have and always will be a verbal minoritory in our workplaces and communities. They are the scum in our ranks. The Industrial Workeres of the World called such types "Blockheads", as it is these types they had to fight physically against in strikes and free-speech canpaigns. They can be counted next to the more silent conservatives in the ranks of the scabs. They have no hessitaion in harrassing those of us who can't or won't speak up for ourselves. They are the sex crime perpetrators and the gay bashers. They hate authority only when it impedes on *their* liberty, just like the middle-class. Only this particular brand of traitor does his dirty work openly, harrasing women, the weak, the different. This bullshit succesfully devides us and keeps us frightened and makes us think the authorities are our only hope, when of course they do nothing (worse for us if we rely on them and they *do* act on our behalf; we've just lost more power). They continually open their mouths and shout their predjuiced rubbish and bully down anyone with the guts and anger to argue back. We tell ourselves to pay no attention and not to cause any trouble; we give ourselves the idea that sticking up for ourselves is causing trouble.

The scum in our ranks does the work of the bosses without even knowing it.

When one of these particular scum copped a shovel to his skull from one of his "victims", we saw who the system defended. It's an old story. When outraged women put away their husbands who bash, rape and intimidate them and their children, they usually go to jail. When sex workers, either seperately or united, do the right thing and eliminate a particluar parasite from the ranks of their clients, they usually go to jail. The scum in our ranks has the blessing and support of our bosses.

The more we stick together, the more we stick up for the battlers who resist the scum in our ranks, the less power these vermin will have. It's an important step towards reality. Resisting can't just rely on physically removing them. Well done, you killed your husband, now what? To build the self from being a victum to being a dignified human being means taking whatever steps are necesary, from physical resistance to spiritual healing. One is excluded from the other at our peril. We need a culture that encourages the weak to feel self-worthy and strong. The macho dickheads can't compete with a community that wont tolerate their bullshit without descending into macho vigilantism. We start with simple solidarity among ourselves, we spread it to others we come into contact with, we urge the class at large with our own examples and with our own ideas. To the battlers who fight back, we give our support, both physical and emotional.

Let the bosses take care of their own.

...START FUCKN SHIT ON ME. THATS OK I JUST FUCKN DECK THE CUNT. DOSENT WORRY ME...
THEIR ALL FUCKN DICKHEADS THERE ANY WAY MATE. FUCKN ABOS FROM UP NORTH. FUCKN CUNTS AUGHTA...
ALLRIGHT, LETS GO RIGHT BACK. FIRST THERE WAS THE GX. THEN... HANG ON.. THE GT. I THINK. THAT HAD A V8 MOTOR IN IT...
GOOD CAR THE GT. I HAD ONE BACK IN 1985. BIT FUCKN THIRSTY THOUGH...
..NOT ENOUGH MONEY FOR SMALL BUSINESS. THEY GOTTA HAVE JUST ONE MAIN TAX, THEN ALL THEY GOTTA DO IS...
YEA, BUT SOME CUNTS JUST DON'T WANNA WORK. THEY AUGHTA SEND EM BACK...
SPORT
PRAVDA

PORN IS THE DRUG

Narcotics are a necessary part of oiling the machinery of the system. The human race, like other animals, has always been getting off its face, but this desire like all our other desires is manipulated so well and widely its no longer blatant, it just is. From the legal to the illegal , the urge and results are the same.

Not all drugs need to be the mind altering substances. The thing that the system needs is the dependancy, the uncontrolled addiction that can be used to make money and keep control. Television is the best example of a non hallucinagenic drug. Everyone can see the telly is the fix after work or school, or for keeping people inside while their unemployed. Even radicals find a "guilty pleasure" in veging out in front of the tube, sucking in whatever mindless crap is on simply because it is mindless crap. If you don't think t.v. is an addictive drug, try giving it up. Most people give the same excuses any junky give; why should I (angrily), I don't care, I could if I want too, some of it's allright, ad nauseum.

For me, there was a depencency on pornography. While my definition is broader these days, I'm refering to hetero wank books. As a teenager I was fascinated with the first ones I saw, allowing a distorted floodgate for my own self-sexual repression. It became a dependancy; from the first time I could'nt just wank without having some kind of book to look at.

It was'nt untill I started getting into anarchy that I conciously fucked the porn off. But that was more due to a guilt thing based on only half-understood notions of femenism. It grew in my head more like a puritannical guilt trip than a real desire to understand the concepts of patriarchy that porn embodies. The desire to wank off to smut books was never really cut off, just supressed.

I was later confused, to an extent, by reading and hearing from people who where in the anarchist movement who where in fact pro-porn. I still don't quite understand the argument, except that there is such a thing as D.I.Y. porn distributed among the underground (I wonder how much cross-over there is with the kiddy porn and snuff stuff.) which I don't really feel I have any right to have a problem with. But as for freely available standard issue wank rags (which includes such freely availabel stuff like s&m and other supposvely "underground" "repressed" flavours) I can't see why any anarchist would argue for it.

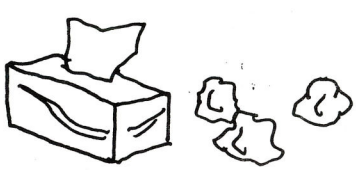
Porn is of course an industry like any other, and the most enlightening stuff I've heard of in relation to whether it's oppresive to women or not has come from people in the industry itself. Like any industry, it has it's ranknfile workers, that is the models and the shitkickers who print it, bind it etc., it's middle workers, the photographers, and it's bosses, the editors and whoever runs the publishing companies. It's easy to see who gets paid the best. It seems women and men who hire out their labour, in this case their bodies, have all the same reasons to work as any prole. It's just another job in just another industry, as oppresive and capitalist as any other.

But as a part of the media, what anarchists have called The Neo-Church, it also plays the role of distorting reality to present an idea of people and their realtions. I wonder how many teenagers grow up thinking sex is like it is in the blue movies, all penetration and ejaculation. I don't doubt for a minute porn contributes to fucked ideas in society about sexuality.

I can't really speak for how porn affects women, it's been done before anyway. But as a "man", I can say how it affects men, to a degree. The thing that has really put me off smut is the fact that it has, for me, been a dependency. Masturbation has not been a free thing for me, it's something I've paid for. Linning the money of capitalists to have a wank! Think of the implications. Millions of uptight, repressed men paying out good money to have a jerk, and to fuck our minds with unreal images of more than half of humanity. Look around; do the women you see around you corespond with the dolled-up, lit-up and domesticated fantasies in the rags and videos?

And this brings me to my definition of porn. Like drugs, porn is'nt restricted to the wank books. The covers of "womens'" magazines, "girls'" magazines, music magazines, advertising, everyfucknwhere there are images of both women and men that are both "sexy" in the standard issue systematic sense of the word, and just plain bullshit. We don't fuckn look like that! This isn't just my defention, it should be pretty obvious.

We are paying to cum and are getting bullshited in the process. The wank porn is as addictive as television, and just as bad for the brain and soul. Kicking the habbit means regaining control over yourself, like kicking any habit. How easy is it? Not very. But it's better than being a junky.

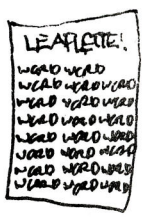


THIS ERECTION COMMEMORATES PHILLIP K. GRUMPYDICK WHO WROTE MORE, DISTRIBUTED MORE, TALKED MORE, YELLED MORE, DEMONSTRATED MORE, ARGUED MORE, AND CONSIQUENTLY WAS MORE RADICAL THAN ANY OTHER REVOLUTIONARY OF HIS TIME.
WHOOPEEDOO.

THE ONE MAN VANGUARD

Individuals play an important part in any political movement, although one supposviely based on collectivism should ensure individuals are regerded as equals and not betters. In a small and fragmented anarchist movement, however, the reality tends to be that an individual can, in practice, have a lot of influence over others. Especially if the others are keen to do somehting and havent had much experience working in political groups.

If we all believe in the same things, it dosent mean we all agree all the time. This can be taken as read, but again, in practice, there are those who tend to think of enemies as those who don't agree with them 100%. This sort of hangup can be a serious hassle when the individual takes it into their working life, activly political or whatever.



The anarchist movement, being mostly an idea, attracts anyone with a vauge notion of communism, individualism, nihilism or any kind of left-or-center idea. It's not unknown for anarchist groups to become homes for people who don't fit in anywhere else. This may seem like an attractive and even glamourous notion; the movement of the soocial misfit. But the social misfit is just the same as anyone else, they just don't fit into society. It dosent mean we all get along just because we hate the system. It might seem rough, not to mention "un-anarchist", to tell someone to piss off if their a pain in the arse. It seems like the sort of thing "the enemy" does, and who wants to do it? I would suggest that a group of any type has the right to tell someone to piss off if their a pain in the arse, but again, in practice it is seldom exercised.

It's a no-win situaiton. Your a fool if you accept anyone who "happens to be an anarchist myself", your "sectarian" if you decide you can't work with them and want them to fuck off. Groups dissolve for this reason, as people leave, citing other excuses, but not wanting to admit the truth. Such&such may well be dominating meetings, making people feel uncomfortabel etc. but to fuck such&such off is "authoritarian" and thus verbolten.

Of course, it's stupid to only balme such&such if a group is loosing people. The real responsiblity lies with the collective, which should assert its right to be free from bullshit. If people are not inclined to take care of troublesom individuals as a group, it probably means the group isn't up to much chop anyway. The real problems can happen when such&such is such a domineering selfish peice of shite that even the most hippy "conflit resolution" attempts don't work, and even more if such&such is the driving force behind the group itself (which would put a lie to the group caliming to be a collective).

In the anarchist scene there are a number of One Man Vanguards, and they always usually are men, with one or two sorry exceptions. Their people who usually have years of experience to summon up as a cudgel against opposition, people who have a vast resovoir of information that they horde and dole out like benevolent dictators, and use to their advantage. Information is power, and those who make it their buisiness to aquire as much as possible, like miserly capitalists hoarding their wealth. These types never seem to admit their wrong, never admit they've made mistakes (unless political capital can be made) and

as a consequence seem to deny their human. For they have The Truth on their side, and verily it hath set them free.

Like biblical prophets, they wonder from group to group, or like the dying emperor Skeksis in "The Dark Crystal", they cling jealously to their power as their collective empire crumbles around them. They form groups and give them important sounding names like "federation", "movement" etc. even though these federations or movements are just the O.M.V. and whowever else turns up to their regular-as -a-laxative meetings.

The O.M.V. is vocal, always the voice of ultra-dissent at whatever meeting their at. They make demands and insist that we agree with them and when we don't well that's just typical of you so-called anarcho borgoise reformist fascist false and so on. They have to be the most radical so they can be the most "correct" so they can accuse you of not being "real" and justify their bullshit.

The O.M.V. is incredibly politically active, to make up for a lack of life. It's not unusual for the O.M.V. to treat their activism as a yuppy treats its job. One thing you can say for the O.M.V. is they hardly live in luxury, again with one or two sorry exceptions. The Struggle (t.m.) is everything, so they define their pesonal relationships along the lines of The Struggle (t.m.) as they see it. Your their best mate...comerade, rather...as long as you tow their line, but once you step out of line, you'd be surprised at how someone you previously respected and liked turn on you and accuse you of the worst crimes against the prolitarat. It can be something of a shock of your not expecting it, let alone suspecting it. The most blatant O.M.V. can suck up to you after having fucked you off previously. Youre nothing but a commodity, not a comrade or a real person. Much like how a party leader looks at its cadres, or a boss looks at its workforce.

Above all, the O.M.V. is an individualist, and someone with a lot of pain. It's pathetic to think of those individuals so wrapped up in the idea of their own rightness that it blinds them to everything else. Their rhetoric can be the most libertarian imaginable; their actions would have had Stalin asking them if they wanted a job. This is usually how, in the anarchist scene, the O.M.V. gets its followers. Those of you keen to begin, full of real hope, not burned out and cynical, are obvious targets for the O.M.V.'s operations. You go to their meetings, find the sort of ideas you want, and get stuck right in. Sooner or later, you run afoul. The O.M.V.'s projects have various life-spans depending on who's involved and how much bullshit they can take, but from what I've seen, they never build upwards, just go from one project to another, never building the mass movement they wet-dream of, and when the dream goes up in smoke the O.M.V. will blame you and everyone else, but never ever themselves. It's unthinkable to the O.M.V. to suppose that they themselves could be the cause of their own downfall. How can it be if the O.M.V. has the correct line, all the information, all those years of experience...

We'll probably be never rid of the O.M.V., but in the end they always end up isolated. Sometimes it takes years, and they stay active till they die, and there's always the "we should all work together" argument from people who have no real experience from the individual in question and for some reason doubt when comrades give good reasons for fucking those indivuduals off. But in reality, the O.M.V. is just a sad and fucked-up individual who cant help themself.

RIGHT ON...
DICKHEAD AVE
ONE WAY
AND SO, FOR IMPORTANT CONTRIBUTIONS TO DEBATE AND CLASS CONCIOUSNESS, THE POST-REVOLUTIONARY COMMITEE FOR LOCAL COUNCIL OF RED MELBIN HONOUR HIS ENDEVOURS, AND NAME A STREET AFTER HIM...

BURN YOURSELF OUT.

"Burnout" is a term used often in political activism, refering to people who get totally jack of doing anything political and leave off entirely. It's something that happens so often that it seems to ba part and parcel of fighting the system.

It's not that surprising considering the system is so huge and oppresive, the few individuals who are fighting it conciously can burn out on many fronts; just considring the enourmity of oppression and bullshit in this fucked-up society is enough to send the sane insane.

One type of burnout , though, seems to me to be avoidable. It seems that some people, particluarly those with what can be called obsesive behaviour, burn out through the huge amount of work they take on. It's like martydom to the cause, but it usually stems from the individual's own personal needs.

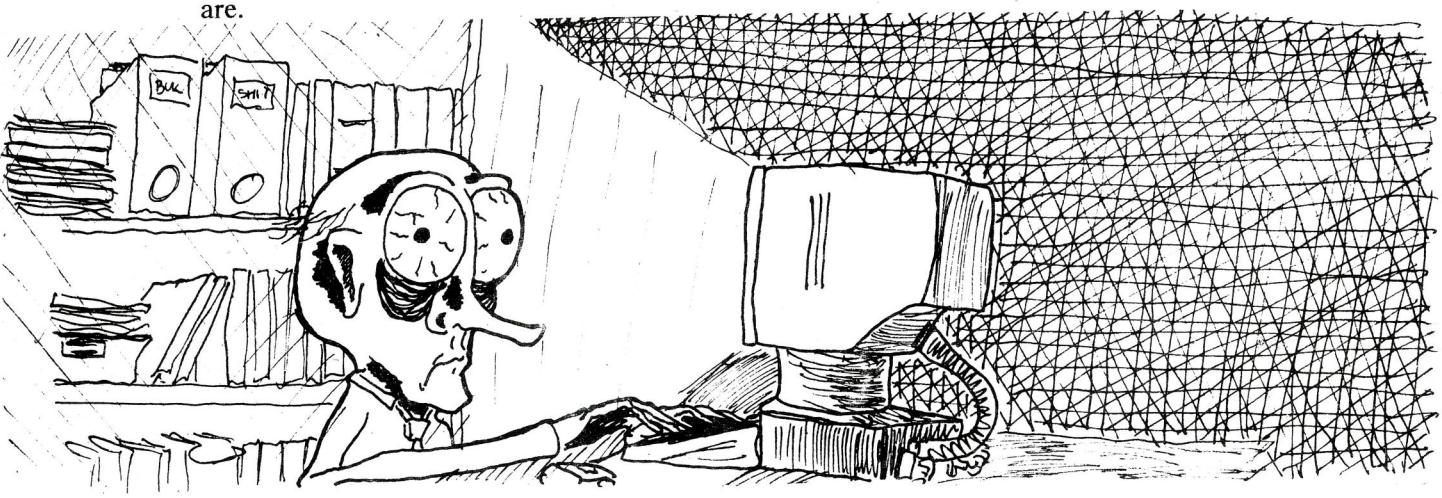
The political is personal. Politics is sinply an extension of any individual's own view on the world. I can argue till I'm dead that society is fucked and needs to be destroyed, but too many people have more or less the opposite point of veiw, so their can't be any thing engraved in stone to say "socierty is fucked". I only know what I know, like everyone else. So the only extent I can go to with my politics is how far without fucking myself up. Anyway, since when has anarchy demanded "all for the revolution"? (Since "The Catechism Of The Revolution" I suppose, a nice bunch of slogans but something only a raving loony would live by).

But we all believe too easily that we're "not doing enough". One thing that really wore me down was that heavy feeling of puritanical guilt every time there was an action on that I was'nt involved with. For some, it's too much, they have to be involved with as much as possible. They risk taking on too big a workload, which is nice for their egoes ("shit, I'm doing all this work and you lot just blah blah blah..") but not so good for their state of health. And they either burn out and get pissed off with the whole idea and become morose nihilistic citizens, or they turn into proffesional revolutionaries and loose any humanity they once had in the name of the cause. Whether it's a guilt thing, or an ego thing, or both, there are those who just have to not only be there but be at the fore front, loosing sleep, getting stressed and becoming boring.

You start any revolution with yourself. If you don't want to look after your own welfare, your own wellbeing than don't pretend you have anything to offer anyone else, unless you want to be an unpaid social worker. You can't work with people if your doing everything, and not allowing other's space to contribute, unless your a proxy commisar. And you can't expect everyone to simply fall into line behind you just because your running around trying to do all the things you expect everyone else to do, unless you like to massage your ego by being agro at everyone.

You also can't help it if other people aren't into your thing. It's fuckn frustrating to be left out by other people's "apathy", but the truth usually is other people are busy doing their thing, from being lazy to whatever. Just because you don't have the mumbers dosent mean it's the end of the world. If you can't get a load of poeple with you, there really isnt anything you can do about it, unless you like to recruit with stealth, bullshit and hype. I don't see it as a numbers game anyway, this anarchy thing. Revolution must involve everyone, but if the ideas of self-management, collectivisation, solidarity etc. are getting to people, then all they can do is apply it where they are. They don't have to join you.

Too many people have burned themselves out trying to be the one who ushers in the millenium. The millenium will dawn when everyone is good and ready. And that will be because they want to be themselves, and not a concept of what a good revolutionary should be. If you are'nt able to relax and be free in yourself because you want to be there every time something hints at going off, you'll burn out no matter how sincere your intentions are.



EXPECT NO MERCY.

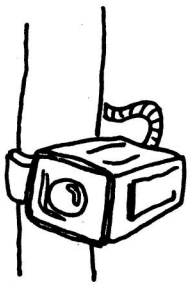
It seems to me ridiculous to hear people today talk about authorities as if they are their for our interests instead of their own. By that I mean people refering to the police, or D.S.S., or any beurocracy or institution that affects the lives of people with ideas like "they *have* to do this" or "thay *can't* do that". It makes me wonder where they get ~~their~~ information about such institutions from, or just how much real life experience they've had with such authorities.

It seems to come from this idea of "rights" that people have. My "right" to do this, your "right to do that, and so on. It's a concept so popular that it's part of the whole reactionary, anti-human right-wing whinge; the "right" to smoke in public, the "right" to call someone a boong, the goddamned godgiven right to do what the hell I want and to hell with you you femonazileftystudent wank wank wank....And the idea that if you walk into a job or the dole-office or where ever, you have a right to be treated as a human.

These institutions have not been constructed with your best interests in mind. You where'nt consulted about what those interests might be. Their there because their par of the whole system that is run by people who've never met you, don't know you and are'nt interested in your opinion let alone your life. This should be obvious by the way they treat you. There is no point approaching these people expecting any kind of real sympathy. It may well be that the fools who are behind the counter, or who're staffing the phones, or who're looking for your tram ticket, or whatever, are "just ordinary people" but it's definately true that they are ONLY DOING THEIR JOB, and that job is to fuck you over unless you meet the requirements laid out by their bosses. It shits me no end that workers in public services that shit on us are shat on by their own bosses and the government itself, yet instead of fighting them they turn on the rest of us. There have been many chances for public servants and others in private corps. taking over those services to resist their bosses, but in the end they think only of their jobs and the glory of their institutions. How it translates to us in real terms is we get hassled out.

The general public is just as full of dickheads who look down on public servants to whom they need to rely on as low menial workers, without understanding or caring about the stresses and hassles the job entails. But these stresses can be relieved if these workers cared to stick together and instead of taking out the frustrations on us, ganged up against the boss.

Ultimatley, however, the very institutions their a part of exist for no other reason than to shit on us, and it's inevitable that they can't be reformed to anything we need. They must be destroyed. No wonder their as fucked as they are, and that the people who work there, in this age of corperatisation, individual contracts and stripping us of our needs, are more and more fucked up and vicious. The requirements are for mean minded, petty, arrogant and selfish types who are completely sycophantic to their useless masters. You can't support such fools. It's not "just a job" to chase someone down if they don't have a ticket, or kick someone off the dole if they have'nt answered a letter, or force someone to do a shitty training scheme. And as for screws and cops...



You can't expect such institutions to have any mercy for you. The few in these jobs who don't want to fuck people over are few and far between and only prove the rule. They soon become overwhelmed.

As for your "rights"; what rights? You don't have any. There is nothing natural about beurocracy, so why expect your natural rights to life and libery be respected by such fuck-ups? The only rights you have are the rights you claim. It's always been that way. And to stop the few from having all the rights at the expense of the rest of us, solidarity and direct action are the only guarantees of any rights. The homeless have a right to housing but only if they collectively sieze housing through squatting and the defense of sqatting. Women have the right to be unmolested only when they collectively assert themselves against their oppressors. But to expect, in this world, to have a "right" is naive. The same language is

smugly thrown back in your face by shitheads who love to play with words; "what about my right to have more than one house? What about my right to give a compiment to a cute chick?" And so on. Such people can very well baffle with bullshit. The reality of someone asserting themself in a direct manner...when the perpetrator finds his home under seige by angry women, for example...is something they cannot blithely dismiss with bollocks, and they always crawl to the authorities for protection. Their "rights" come from the system. Your rights come from you, your mates, your comrades, your community, your class.
The system has no mercy for those it shits on. None should be expected. None should be given.

THE PLEASURE IN THE PAIN.

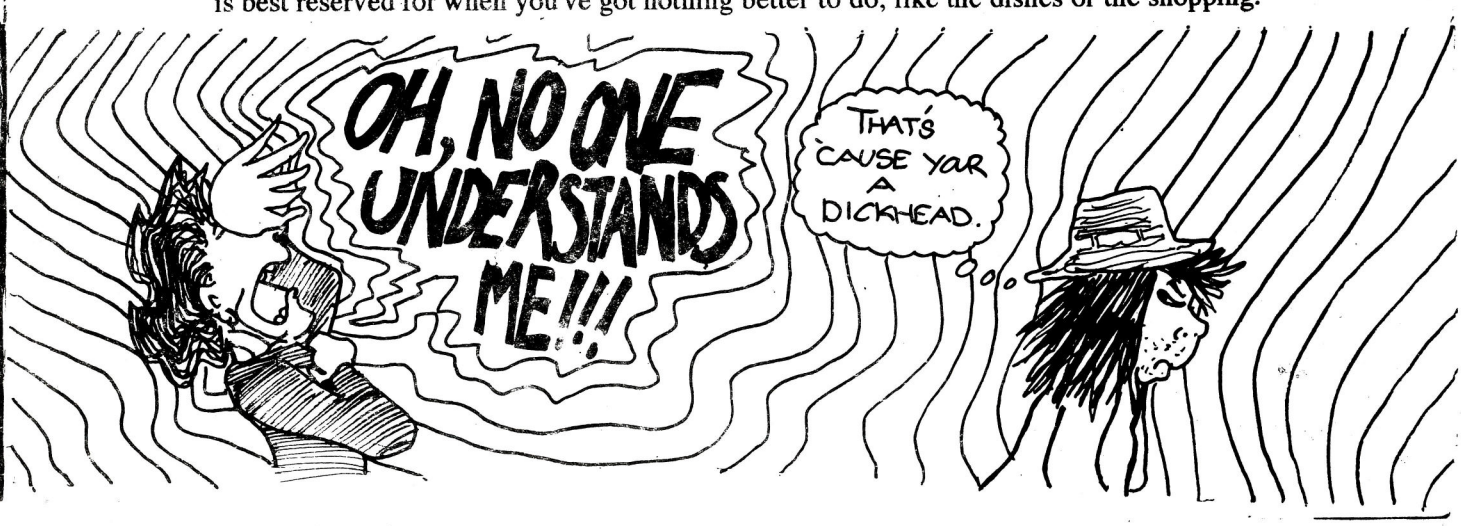
How tempting it is sometimes to surrender totally to our feelings of self-pity and hatred. We all long to throw of the burden of responsibility and simply live without feelings or regards for any one else, gratifying our senses and telling the whole uncaring world to get fucked. What better excuse to indulge in self obsessed pity and moroseness than saying that everything is fucked and nothing matters? When you've made up your mind that your ultimately nothing, that no-one cares about you or what you say, that no one would miss you if you where gone and that people are basicly fucked and cruel and stupid and all of that, then it's easy to become the fuck-up you've always wanted to be, not caring about physical or mental health and blurting out al the inane predjudices and hatreds you've put down for so long.

There is pleasure in the pain of self pity. There is pleasure in the pain of feeling like shit in a world of arseholes. There is pleasure to be had in isolating yourself from everyone and living life as a bitter, morose burn-out. The pleasure of blaming everyone for their rejection of you, the pleasure of justifying your bitterness by counting the injuries that you've worn in your battle with the world. The pleasure of being alone at last, without worrying about people wanting your attention for some reason. It's the pleasure of addiction to the drug of nihilism and despair. No more trying to accomidate everyone and putting yourself out for anyone.

Another drug. Another trap to fall into. More bullshit to heap on the pile. The pain is self inflicted, when the mind can't take anymore of daily life's hassles and stress. It's sometimes all there is to keep ourselves from becoming a citizen and swallowing the crap about obeying the law and working for the man. It's quite normal, for want of a better word, to hate society, and it should be destroyed. But it becomes tempting to take it further and hate averyone around. Then it becomes normal to hate yourself, thinking that everyday fuck-ups are exclusive to you and are far more than anyone elses fuckups. Having so many smug. arrogant, self-sentered people and messages around you all the time does'nt help. Everyone is wrapped in themselves because it's all there is in a system devoted to isolation and competition. Too many fuckheads swallow the whole thing and spew it out in too many ways, from macho agro to yuppy arrogance to lifestylist smugness to total helpless surrender. The real person drowns in an ocean of bullshit.

It's all fucking bullshit. There are so many people surrendering to their own feelings of weakness and self-deprivation. Communication becomes impossible. No one cares. It all goes on. There is pleasure in submission to sadism from the world and from the mind, when you decide that nothing matters anymore. Slow suicide.

Like many things, nihilism is a good tactic but a lousy lifestyle. The concept of total destruction and outright contempt for society is okay for alternative music or propaganda, sometimes, but to live a life based on being misrable all the time is just plain boring. There's nothing wrong with occasional bouts of hermitism and agro but all the time it just uses up too much energy and turns you into the enemy. The pleasure in the pain of nihilism is best reserved for when you've got nothing better to do, like the dishes or the shopping.



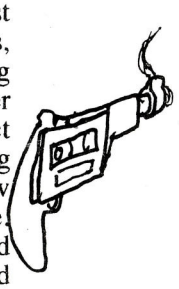
THE DEATH OF THE DEMO TAPE (AT LAST) Dave Mandl 1992

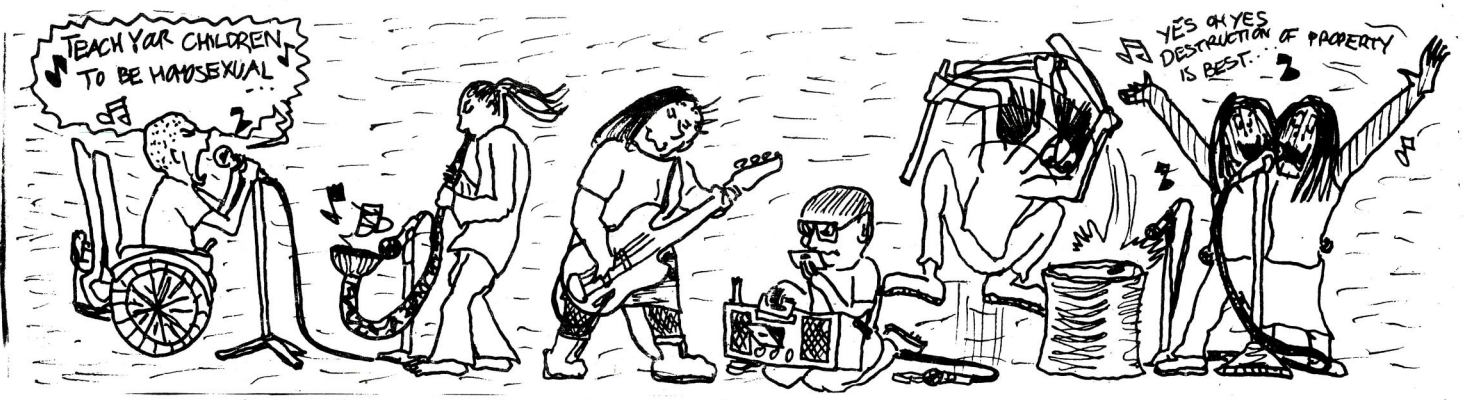
Even more than their counterparts in the publishing world, giant record conpanies have long enjoyed a near-monopoly on the means of producing, distributing and publicizing peoples' creative work. Along with this monopoly comes the freedom to decide what is and is'nt *worthy* of release, and consequently to define the very rules of the game. This industry stranglehold determines a lot more than simply which bands get money to put out records and which don't ; the drive to "make it" - to get signed to a majour label - has always had an enourmous effect on everything from the clothes and haircuts bands wear, to what they say in interviews, to minute details of the structure of their songs. The influence of the majours, while not always obvious, has been all-pervasive, and countless musical artists have fallen under their sway merely by following the recieved rules of the buisiness. Of course, with no other options, many have *chosen* to play along - using their time and energy to court record companies and make the kind of music that they are most likely to take notice of; either way, the results have been stunted creative growth and, especially, mountains of bland, formulaic output - the product of self-censorship and compromise.

But all that is changing. At the same time that the revolution in self-publishing had allowed anyone with a couple of stamps and access to an office xerox machine (photocopier - ed.) to declare her/himself a publisher - free from the constraints of the respectabel print world - the advent of the cassette studio has liberated the musical masses from from the nightmare world of demo tapes, press kits, and $150-an-hour recording sessions. With the freedom to produce and control your own recordings also comes freedom from censorship and self-censorship - and alltogether new forms of audio expression.

Just as there is no point being a journalist without a newspaper to publish your writing, unsigned musicians - that is, artists with no clear avenue to release their work - historiacally had no real reason to make recordings as ends in themselves; when valuable studio could be scored, it was used to produce *demo tapes* . Since the goal of most bands was getting signed (in order to make records), and since the majour labels had nearly complete control of record production and distribution, budding artists often spent years making demos and shopping them around to representatives of these labels, in the hope that one would show interest and eventually offer them a contract. Much money and effort were expended in compiling names and addresses of people who might be looking for new talent, and shipping tapes off to them. With such a strong desore (and need) simply to be accepted by an industry fugure, young aspirants assembled these tapes with the utmost care. There were books of advice written on the subject; how many songs to include on the tape, the best sequence for them, how to put together an accompanying press kit, etc. As for the music, any band knew what the basic musical and lyrical formulas were, who the current hot artists to emulate were, and what styles record companies were interested in at any given time. Needless to say, the vast majoritory of demos were rejected (and often not listened to).

But concentrating so completely on the demo-making process often meant devoting most of one's time to learning the tricks of the trade, to study how the industry prefers things, rather than experimenting and developing musically (a luxury denied even to the big money-makers). The band's primary mission often became "trying to get signed" , rather than creating new music (and while ostensibly bosseless, most bands were in effect working for the boss - for no pay - all the time). It was not unusual to see a long-surviving band go through multiple, sudden transformations - progressive rock, folk, punk, new wave, funk - as styles changed, keeping their record company feelers out all the while. Paradoxixally, as a band got closer to their elusive goal (after getting a nibble from a record company), they often tried even harder to conform, not wanting to make a wrong move and



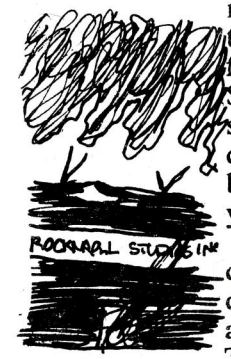


destroy the progress they had made so far - a gang of starry-eyed nineteen-year-olds playing a command performance for the man with the keys to the universe is not going to do anything foolish. In general, experimentation (outside certain "safe", prescribed boundries, which changed slightly over time) was dangerous and not recommended. Most bands serious about getting signed were aware of the basic rules, and carefful not to violate them. When a band did get signed, often after years of grueling work, they were not eager to take a chance and risk loosing it all. Like a dedicated young journalist who would rather toe the line and keep her/his job than write hard-hitting stories no one will ever see, artists eventually internalized the rules - often unconsciously - and kept their fingers crossed. Big record companies, by virtue of theri great power, defined the standards, which they scarcely needed to enforce.

Their promotional arm, radio, has always been a big help, with its virtual balckout of music that doesn't meet the industry's strident criteria - and just doesn't exist, for ninety-five percent of the population or the history books. Even when, in the late seventies, the industry was forced to acknowledge the punk movement (which offered a genuine challenge to the ossified monopoly of the majours, and put the fear of god in them, if only for a few short years), the radio world continued to view music through the eyes of the big labels. To a smaller degree, this is also true of the music press, where even tiny, marginal publications have their own personality cults and star systems. When radio shows spotlighting "independant" artists began to appear, the latter were usually identified as *bands that had not signed* - that had been unjustly overlooked. One of the first such shows to appear in New York City, for example, had the revealing name *The No Major Record Show* - defining the featured artists by *what they were'nt* , a stigma like "single mother", "virgin" or "black female vocalist". (It was a good sign, of course, that shows like this were appearing at all; no one would even have thought of the idea before 1978 or so).

The bands featured were generally the ones that went by the book - the right instrumentation, the right chords, the right lyrics - and the producer of at least on such show in New York City made it clear that she wanted "rocknroll only"; that is, bands that sounded just like everyone else; presumably, listeners could hear the featured performances and bewail the injustice that had been done to these hard-working souls who were, after all, no less deserving than the other bands just like them that *had* been signed. So much for "alternative" music...

But there was no denying the great possiblities inherent in the new technology that allowed all this to happen. Just as the punk movement created new musical models (though it was unfortunatley absorbed to a great extent by the majors themselves, who eventually adapted to the new aesthetics and restored things to "normal"), the availability of inexpensive home recording equipment have more musicians than ever the opportunity to try their hand at what was formerly the exclusive reserve of those with the blessing of a record company. Perhaps more important, it gave this oppotunity to *non-musicians* - those who never would have thought seriously about making music in the old world. With the new compact, inexpensive and easy-to-use multi-track cassette decks, *anyone* could put together a servicable recording studio at home for under $1,000. And while the price of forty-five minutes of chrome cassette tape hovering at around $2.00, compared to at least $30 for an equivalent amount of the half-inch reel-to-reel item, tape was as free as the studio time. There was no longer any need to beg for a few brief hours on the studio, or to do anything other than what you felt like doing once the tape was rolling. People soon began stretching out and trying things that would have been considered madness just a few years earlier - or more likely, would never have crossed their minds.



Before long, it became apparent that there was nothing sacred about LPs. In fact, an all-cassette format made more sense for many reasons: cassettes could be duplicated easily and cheaply (one at a time if necessary); great individual care could be given to their packaging and decoration; and they could be distributed anywhere in the world via the public mails. The new medium also made new approaches to recording possible: inernational mail collaborations (with each participant contributing one track of a song and sending the tape

along): cassette magazines: audio diaries and letters: home-spun *musique concrete* of all descriptions: new mutated song forms: and other angles never considered by the old demo-tape generation. Far from being hobbled by explicit or implicit censorship, cassette recordists were free to try anything they damn well pleased. Some of it was awful, but some of it was brilliant, and most af all it was *different*.. Instead of serving as a part of a permenant farm team for the record companies, the new cassette artists reclaimed their independance and created a worldwide, decentralized communications web like those of the parrallel mail art and self-published zine networks - and laid the foundation for a new autonomous world of sound.

Though many long-time cassette networkers have moved to vynal or even CD as those formats have bacome more accesable, the principles and spirit of the network, if anything, have become stronger. Though the major labels are still getting the airplay, shelf space, and money, a larger and larger chunk of the total territory has been ceded t independant artists, operating in the shadows, in home laboratories in unheard-of places not in the official guidebook. As the price of the new recording technology continues to drop, the grip of the majors - which once reached all the way from carefully staged showcases in glitzy nightclubs to your fourteen-year-old nephew's garage-matal band - will be further broken. I won't miss the old days.

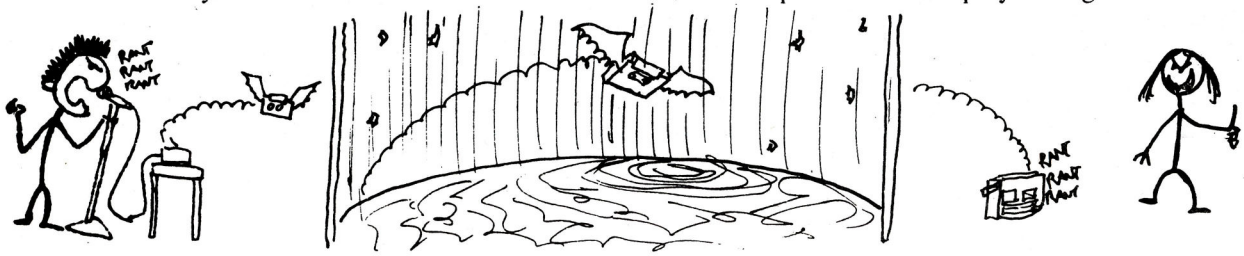
Neither will I. But as much as I agree with the sentiment behind this article, taken from "Cassette Mythos" edited by Robin James on Autonomedia(p.o.box 568, Williamsburgh Station, Brooklyn, NY 11211-0568 USA) I'd like to add some other perspective.

The grip of the major labels may well not extend to thos of us who record and didtribute our own music on our own terms, but that dosen't mean we're completely free of the grip of the music industry itself. In fact, the cost of most home recording equipment is prohibative to many of us, expecially those of us on the dole or with low paying jobs (which is all of us, as far as I can see). A decent four-track recorder can be picked up second hand for between four to six hundred bucks, which is still a fair sum. Add to this the cost of musical eqipment, especially the newer digital keyboard technology. Add to this the cost of tapes, which in this country are more likey to be between four and six bucks. Add to this the constant cost of maintenence, a lurative industy in itself since, wiht multi-tracks, its specialised. Add to this the high and rising cost of mail, especially overseas postage. This is not cheap, this is damn expensive.

Also, the growing trend being fostered on us, as techonology advances ever forward, is for higher and higher tech recordings and sounds. The days of the garage band belting out tracks on a mates 4-track are waning to the new improved sounds of computer generated soundscapes, even in the world of home recording. The new keyboards, even second-hand, always start at over a grand in cost, and to get the more interesting sound you want , instead of whatever crap the manufacturers have programmed in, you need to shell out serious bucks to get even bottom of the range samplers and effects units. And of course you'll need a sequencer, or sequencer programme for a computer with enough memory....a whole lucrative market exists for the potential home recorder, if you've got the dollars. As for those wonderfull old analog synths you could actually make your own sounds with, their all being snapped up by the yuppies, making them damn scarce and expensive.

With this, the industry had seen the potential in home recording. I noticed in a glossy music rag, catering to the creative yuppy, a section for home recordists to send in their...yes, demos...to be reviewed. In the issue I read, the reviewer was lamenting the fact that their where so many tape demoes and not enough Cd demos. This is the attitude of the insustry to the home recorders, but unfortunatly it's quite trendy for musos to "lay down a few tracks in my studio" and shell out serious bucks for the privalidge.

The demo mentality, unfortunatley, still thrives. "Demo" is a proxy word for a tape release, an unconcious thing. And as the writer mentioned and as we all know, the "independant" scene is vey much so a disply case for potential new next-big-things. Those of us without the money and without the inclination to play the miserable mainstream diarreah that stenches the airwaves and the music shops need to become more and more creative, a challenge we've always met and always will. In the meantime, untill computer-linked multi-media corperate-controlled networkings completely replace the shops and mail system, putting music and information generally out of the reach of us lower classes, we will build and use the networks allready available and continue to laugh at the music industry, it's labels and radio and ratshit sounds, and the poor fools who play their games.



ABOLISH LIVE MUSIC!

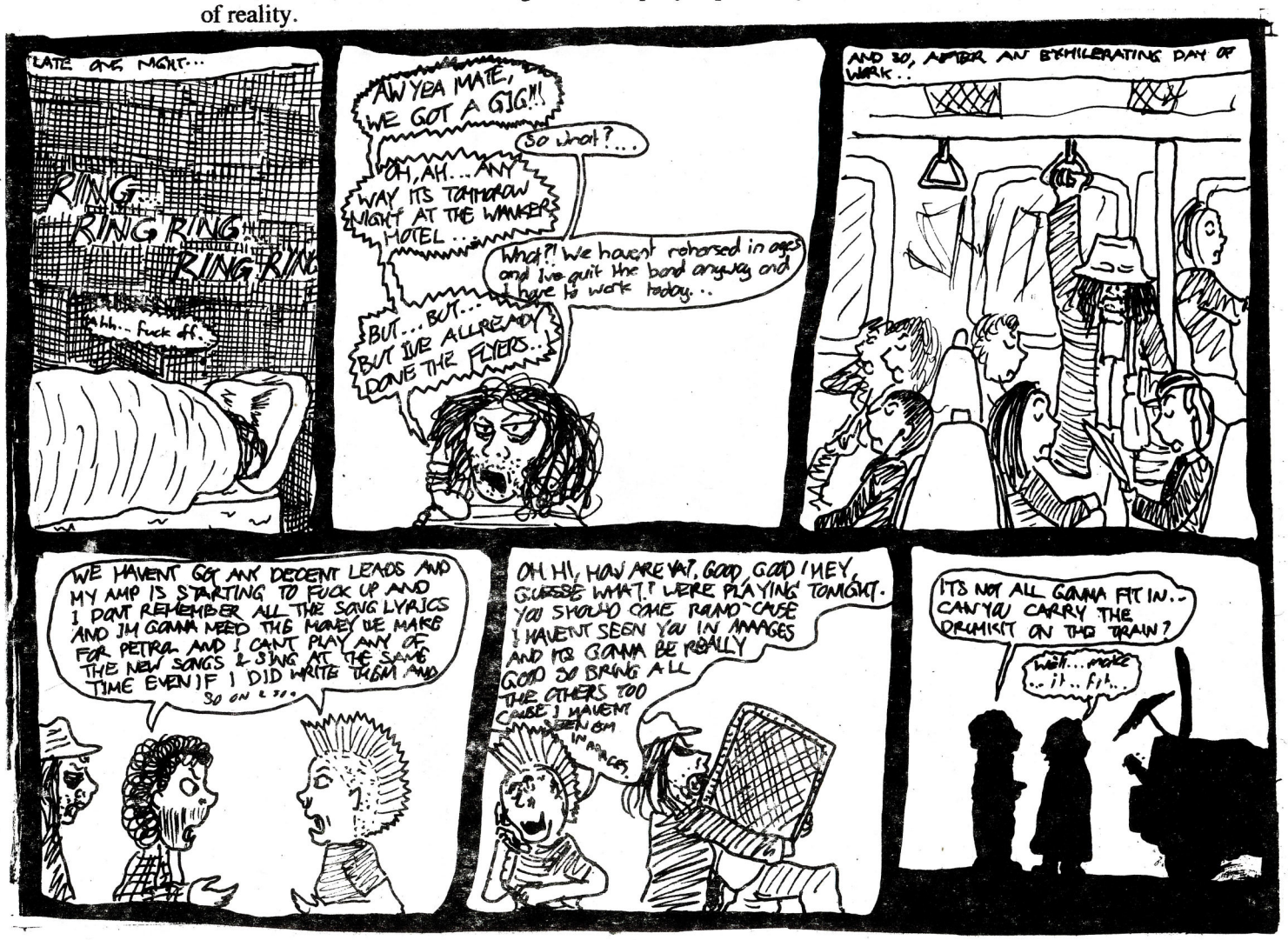
And now to explain why I hate gigs. I've been going to see bands play since I was 18, a late starter by many standards. But since then I've seen zillions of bands, drunk umpteen pots of beer, hurt myself dancing several times and have even played at a few pubs. I like to think I know what's going on, and I know I think I don't like it.

It's like this. The first time you go to a gig it's all trepidition and exitment. What's it like? Will I be ignored and/or hassled out? Will someone beat me up? Will I get into the pub? And above all, I wonder how I'm getting home.

As you get more sussed to the *sceeeeeeeeene*, which despite first impressions dosent take long, the answers are more apparent. Sometimes you don't get home; you stay at friends, at places of people you met that night or even in the street somewhere. Mostly, you wont get beaten up but sometmes you have to be nonexistant to avoid agro. You will be ignored if youre by yourself, for a long time, which usually cancels the hassles. And as for the gig itself..

The most important thing is the old social lubricant. I reckon the reason why they have gigs in pubs is so people can socialise easier, difficult as it is to talk to people without being pissed, you know. Never mind under age gigs; their all pissed there too, it's just that you have to get drunk first and be together enough to get through the door. Anyway, without alchohol there would be no gigs. Any exception proves the rule. It helps with having something to talk about while bands change gear and soundcheck, which usually takes days. Of course, conversation tends to be limited to what you can shout over everyone else yelling and that stupid fucking music they insist on playing at at such high volume between sets. Why do they do that? It's so bloody annoying trying to talk trivial shit when the music's too loud. Sort of fits the night, really.

So, "conversation ". Yea, well, how ae you? Aw, not bad mate, y'self? Yea, not bad. Good. Yea, And that's basicly it. Since most people at gigs are either in bands or thinking about being in a band, you can talk about that too. Or what you did all week; drinking, drugs and watching videos, and if you've got a job, fitting that in between drinking, drugs and watching videos. Fuck, I don't know or care, all I know is small talk is boggling at the beat of times, and I'm not asking for Chompskyesque analysis, (no fuckn way!) just a bit of reality.


LATE ONE NIGHT...
RING... RING RING... RING RING
Ahh... fuck off.
AW YEA MATE, WE GOT A GIG!!
So what?...
OH, AH... ANY WAY ITS TOMORROW NIGHT AT THE WANKER HOTEL...
What?! We haven't rehorsed in ages and I've quit the band anyway and I have to work today...
BUT... BUT... BUT IVE ALLREADY DONE THE FLYERS...!
AND SO, AFTER AN EXHILERATING DAY OF WORK...
WE HAVENT GOT ANY DECENT LEADS AND MY AMP IS STARTING TO FUCK UP AND I DONT REMEMBER ALL THE SONG LYRICS AND IM GONNA NEED THE MONEY WE MAKE FOR PETRA AND I CANT PLAY ANY OF THE NEW SONGS & SING AT THE SAME TIME EVEN IF I DID WRITE THEM AND SO ON & SO...
OH HI, HOW ARE YA?, GOOD, GOOD! HEY, GUESSE WHAT?! WERE PLAYING TONIGHT. YOU SHOULD COME ROUND 'CAUSE I HAVENT SEEN YOU IN AAAAGES AND ITS GONNA BE REALLY GOOD SO BRING ALL THE OTHERS TOO CAUSE I HAVENT SEEN EM IN AAAGES
ITS NOT ALL GONNA FIT IN... CAN YOU CARRY THE DRUMKIT ON THE TRAIN?
WAIT... MAKE ... IT... FIT...

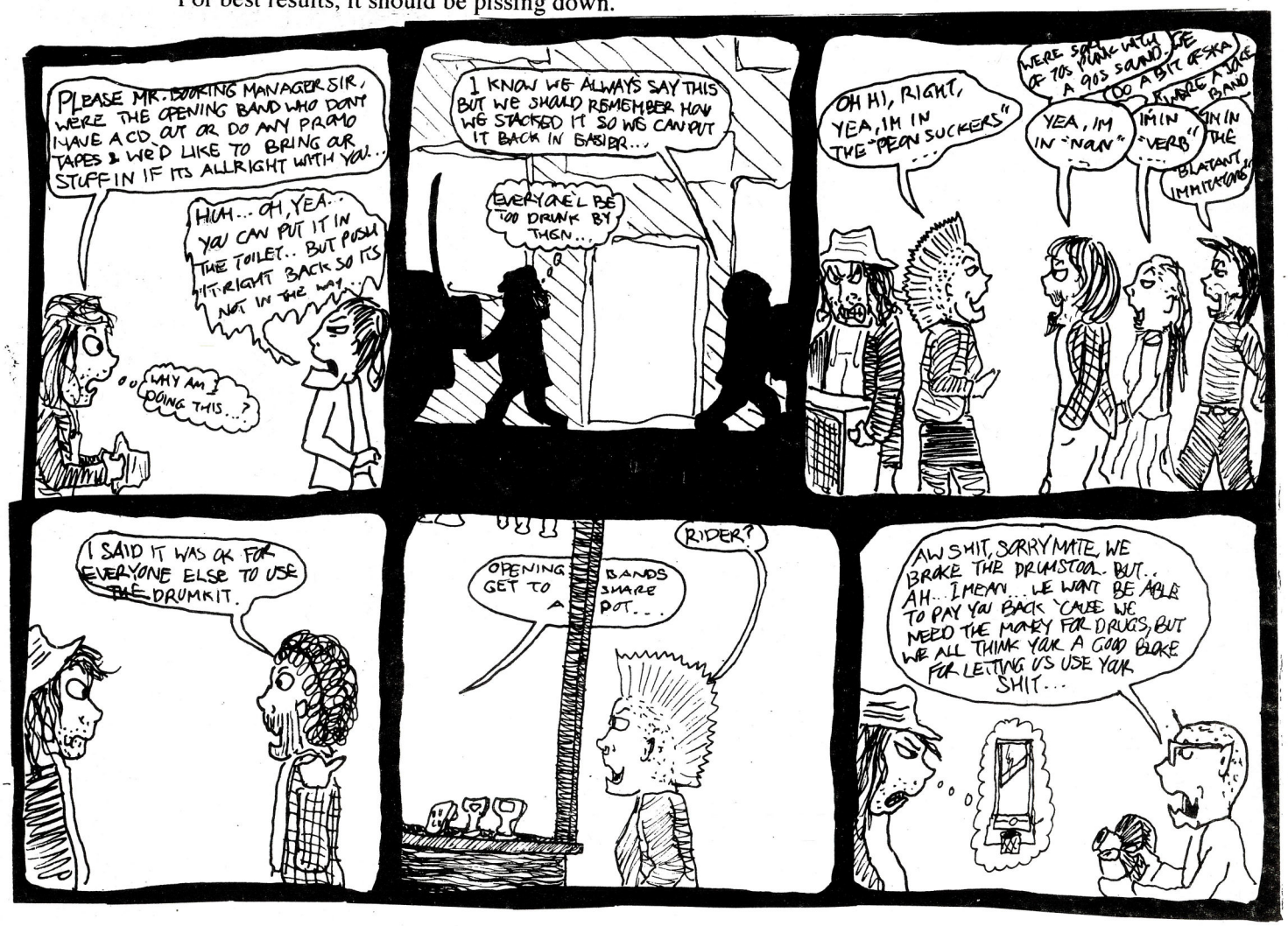
O.K., so, bands. Shit are'nt they? I'm a big music lover but like all big music lovers am incredibly choosy about what I listen to. And like nearly all music lovers, I'm likely to say stuff like "most bands in Melbourne are shithouse". The thing is, even if there is a band or individual's stuff I like, I don't know it it's worth sitting through an evening of boring bullshit just to hear under an hour's stuff when I can get their tape or whatever and enjoy it in the comfort of my own home. Sounds disgustingly pathetic, but I'm still supporting the group/person by listening to their stuff, mabey even writitng to them to tell them to keep up the good work, without subjecting myself to gig hassles. Not many people are worth it.

Anyway, most of these hassles pale into insignificance next to actually being in a band. As has been said of the nazis, "never again". I like to think I've done enough without having degenerated to the wormlike status of "local muso". The reason is mostly because every band I've been in has been a disaster. And the reason why "local musos" are such abject wankers is because they've mentally adjusted to the whole crap of being in a band, just as many workers with full-time jobs have turned into work ethic wage slaves. The difference of course is there's millions more wage slaves than rock stars, and also a certain type of person chooses the rocky road (tee hee!) whereas most of us are forced into wage slavery. Ergo, all rockstars are shitheads but not all workers are work ethic boss lovers.

Thus, a local muso rock star gig pig is something to be avoided, if not culled. Most people see it but an inner urge drives them towards it. A few good humored jokes at one's expense are not enough to hide the reality that these fools really are what their joking about.

Playing gigs is bullshit comparable only with having a job. You've got a load of crappy gear that I guarantee will fuck up the minute you get it through the pub door; what you don't forget to leave behind that is, usually an effects pedal or drumsticks or something small but necesary. The institutional "Can We Borrow..." game starts here, with every band asking the only band together enough to have working gear for a lend of a lead or a guitar or an amp. And if your the lucky lender, you might as well use the ten dollars you made from the night to repleace what inevitably goes missing.

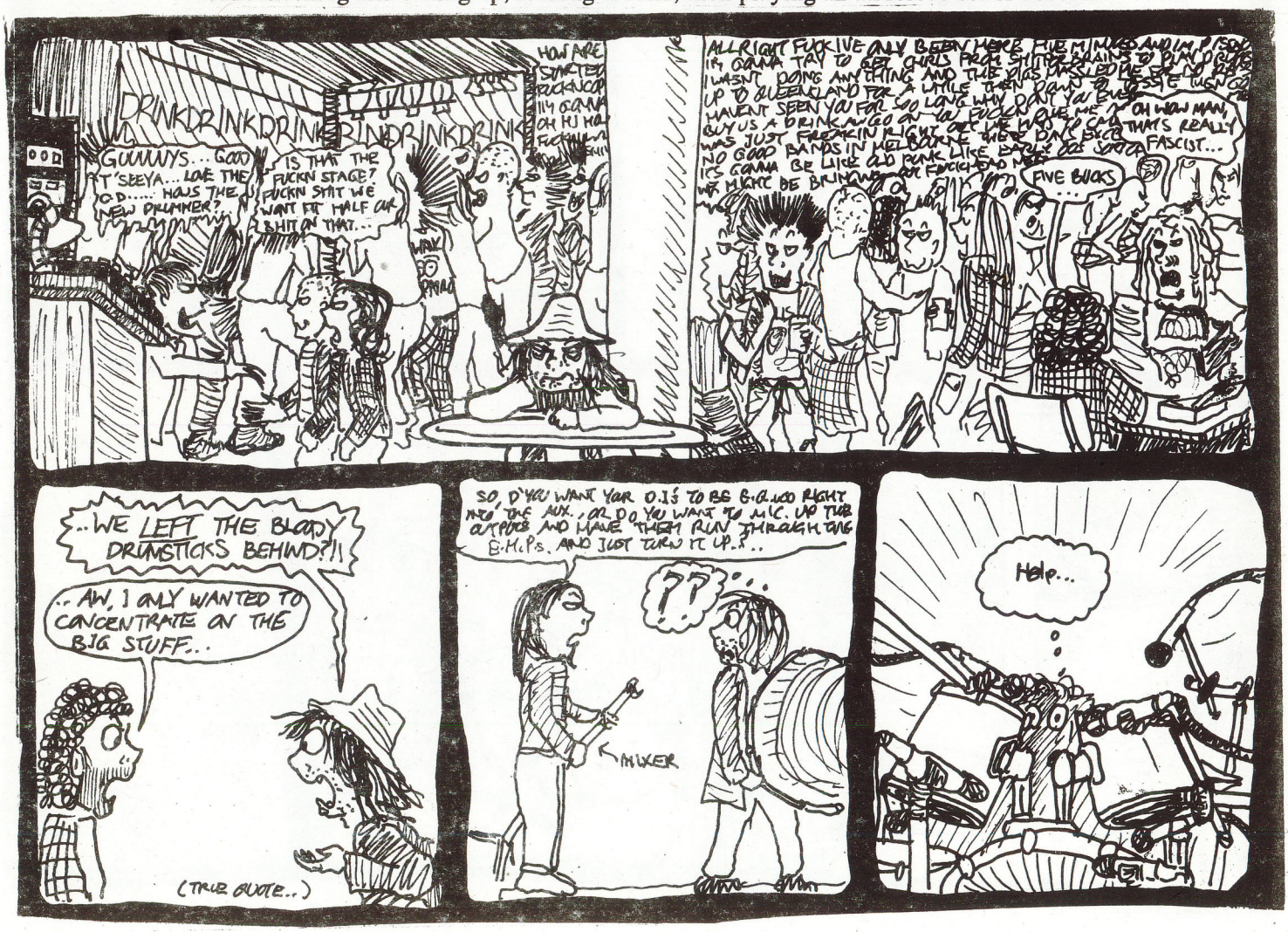
Getting gear there is a saga in itself, the begining of a perfect night. Only one person in a band is allowed to know how to drive, if that. But they can't have their own car. It had to be mum's, dad's or a mate's. As long as everything dose'nt fit in . So you cram all the "big stuff" in and let that break on the way and forget to bring as much "small stuff" as possible. For best results, it should be pissing down.


PLEASE MR. BOOKING MANAGER SIR, WERE THE OPENING BAND WHO DONT HAVE A CD OUT OR DO ANY PROMO TAPES & WE'D LIKE TO BRING OUR STUFF IN IF ITS ALLRIGHT WITH YOU...
HUH... OH, YEA.. YOU CAN PUT IT IN THE TOILET.. BUT PUSH IT RIGHT BACK SO ITS NOT IN THE WAY...
WHY AM I DOING THIS...?
I KNOW WE ALWAYS SAY THIS BUT WE SHOULD REMEMBER HOW WE STACKED IT SO WE CAN PUT IT BACK IN EASIER...
EVERYONE'LL BE TOO DRUNK BY THEN...
OH HI, RIGHT, YEA, IM IN THE "PEAN SUCKERS"
WERE SOUNDS LIKE OF TOS PUNK WITH A 90S SOUND... DO A BIT OF SKA
YEA, IM IN "NAN"
IM IN "VERB"
IM IN THE BLATANT IMMITATORS
I SAID IT WAS OK FOR EVERYONE ELSE TO USE THE DRUMKIT.
OPENING BANDS GET TO SHARE A POT...
RIDER?
AW SHIT, SORRY MATE, WE BROKE THE DRUMSTOOL. BUT.. AH.. I MEAN... WE WANT BE ABLE TO PAY YOU BACK 'CAUSE WE NEED THE MONEY FOR DRUGS, BUT WE ALL THINK YOUR A GOOD BLOKE FOR LETTING US USE YOUR SHIT...

Once there, since you're always one of the piddling little bands that no one will watch, you'll be the first ones there. No one else except the person who's gonna mix (you don't have the status to have your own mixer yet, it's something of a luxury). Perhaps not though. In any case, you have to get your gear inside, and try to take up as little space next to the risen bit of floor there, that's the stage, or in a backroom or something. You may well discover what's left behind by then, but you definately wont know what's not going †ø work untill your ready to play. Which will mean a wait of at least an hour before you decide you might as well set up, you suppose.

Soundchecks are always good for a yawn. "O.K., ah..give us the kick." Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, and so forth and so on for let's say ten minutes. "O.K." Pause. "Ah....O.K., snare." Hit, hit, hit, hit, hit, hit, hit, tih, hit, hit, for another ten minutes. "Stop". Watch the mixer and his mate, whoever he is, mumble to each other and look and point at the mixing board. They also do things like look at you with their hands on their hips (as you squint at them through the glare of the lights) and run up on stage and play with the microphones. "Floor tom". Boom, boom etc. "Just play around a bit". Boom hit tish boom hit tish try to sound like your a real drummer boom hit tish..."Can you just do the kick again?" Hey why not? This whole business should take about half an hour, during which the unfashionably early stragglers come in. Then the bass. Then the guitar. Then the bloody microphones. "Check. Cheh. Chooeh. Ch'. Cheh. Chooeh." What the hell language it is, who knows.

One of my favorites is the other band wanting to play first because someone in the band has to go to work next day or they have to play another gig or they want to see another gig or they have to go home to watch something on telly or bloody whatever. The organiser of the gig is reeeeally sooorry but there's nothing s/he can do about it, and as much as a fuckoff as it is, you don't have much on next morning, since you're playing a gig and figured it'd be a bit pointless to plan much for the next morning, so you sit after your soundcheck and moving your gear back off stage and wait for the all important other band to actually turn up. An hour after they wanted to start they swagger through the door and causually check out their surroundings, completely at ease. You can tell by the swagger when people who are in a band arrive at a venue. They usually like to look at the stage area and mutter how shithouse it is, poor dears. Then another half hour of them leisurely soundchecking and setting up, fucking around, then playing an atrocious set of absolute


DRINK DRINK DRINK
GUUUYS... GOOD T'SEEYA... LOVE THE O.D..... HAVE THE NEW DRUMMER?
IS THAT THE FUCKIN STAGE? FUCKN SHIT WE WANT FIT HALF OUR BHIT ON THAT...
ALL RIGHT FUCK IVE ONLY BEEN HERE FIVE MINUTES AND I'M PISSED IT, GONNA TRY TO GET GIRLS FROM SHITTY BANDS TO PLAY AT MY PLACE WASNT DOING ANYTHING AND THE DOGS MISSED ME SO I'D HAVE TO QUEENSLAND FOR A LITTLE THEN DOWN TO JESSE HAVENT SEEN YOU FOR SO LONG WHY DONT YA BUY US A DRINK AND GO ON TA FUCK OFF HOME, I WAS JUST FREAKIN RIGHT OUT LIKE THIS NO GOOD BANDS IN MELBOURNE ITS GONNA BE LIKE OLD PUNK LIKE BACK IN THE DAYS SOCIAL FASCIST...
FIVE BUCKS ...
..WE LEFT THE BLOODY DRUMSTICKS BEHIND?!!
..AW, I ONLY WANTED TO CONCENTRATE ON THE BIG STUFF..
(TRUE QUOTE..)
SO, D'YOU WANT YOUR O.I.'S TO BE B.A.D.D RIGHT INTO THE MIX, OR DO YOU WANT TO MIC. UP THE AMPS AND HAVE THEM RUN THROUGH THE B.M.P.S. AND JUST TURN IT UP...?
??
MIXER
Help...

derivative rubbish. taking even longer to get their shit off stage and being as uncooperative with your requests to mabey, if they don't mind, getting their gear off so you can get your's on as possible. For people supposively in a hurry their taking their time. By the time you've got your stuff set up, the organiser reminds you the pub closes at twelve, or you've only got time for one and a half songs 'cause the next band has to be on, or something. Either way, you wont get to play a full set.

The other thing is bands that borrow your gear and either fuck it up or not return a bit of it but end up, accidentally of course, taking off with it when they bugger off coincidentally before you play. Always a firm favorite that one. Yes indeed....

But usually you have to play at the start of the gig, so no one will see you and those that do will be too sober to appreciate your efforts. I have played in bands that have played something like nearly last and the difference in crowd reaction always amazes me. The best spot of course is in the middle of the gig, when the punters havejust started to feel the effects of the alchohol and are in abundance. Too early means too sober and not enough bodies. Too late means people have started fucking off and others are too pissed to get into it. These sre, of course, general rules, but I've found they usually apply.

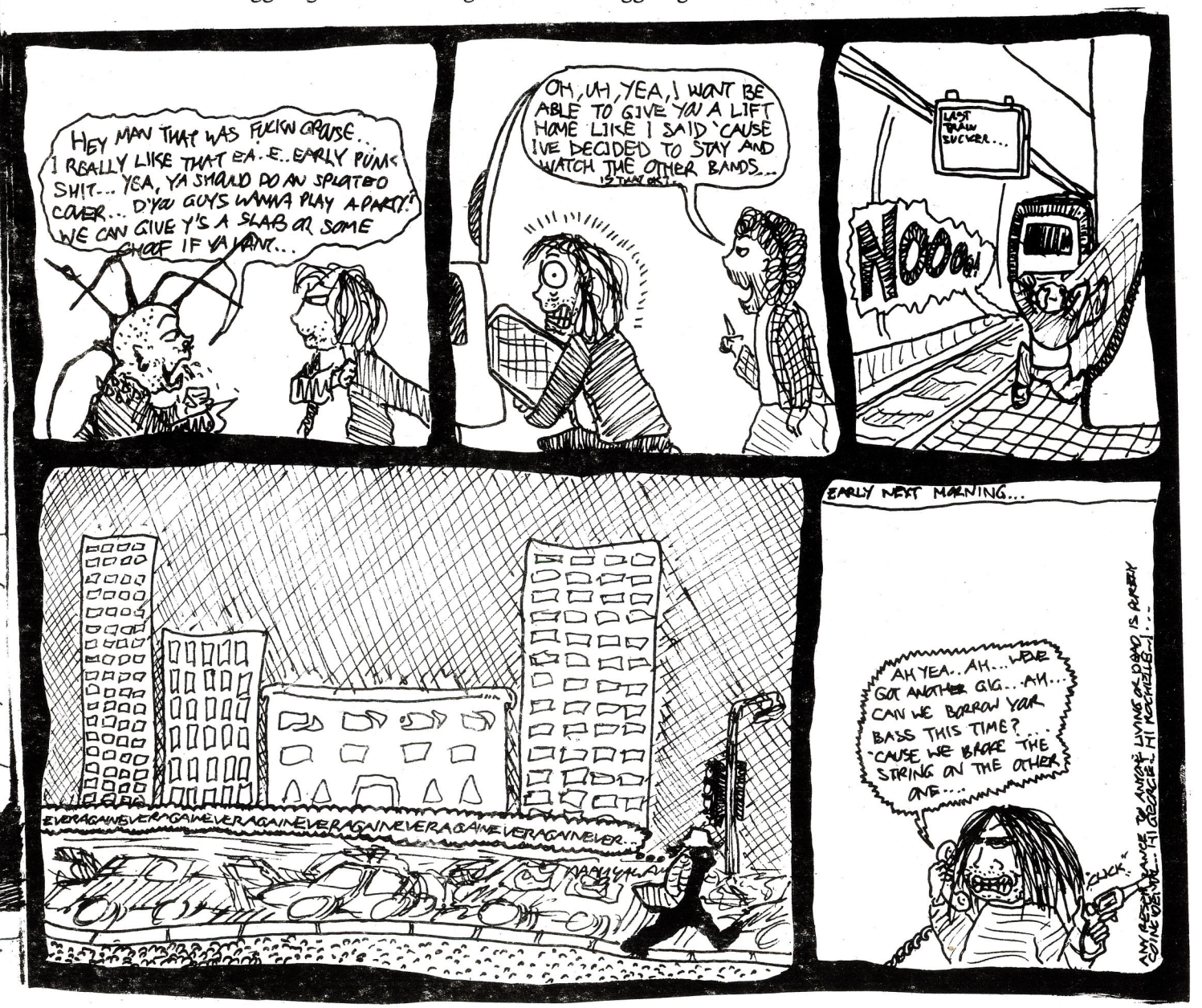
Anyway, your about to play and the amps don't work and there's bits of the drumkit missing and the mikes are'nt loud enough or don't work and the mixing wanker is at the bar having a drink and you can't hear each other for shit and half the band has forgotten how to play and you did'nt write a setlist so you forget half your songs and play the other half twice ("play...um...the one about...you know....') and the guitar is out of tune and your getting electric shocks from the mic cause you guitar is'nt earthed or something and strings are breaking and the bloody lights are blinding you (why the hell have stage lights in a bloody pub for christsake?) and it's all out of time totally and there's too much wanking around between songs and the gig organiser is yelling that you've only got time for one more song and.....anyway your fifteen minutes is up.

CANT SEE A FRIGGIN THING IN THESE LIGHTS...
SQUINT.
CAN WE START? CAN WE START NOW? CAN WE START PLAYING? CAN YOU TURN THE MICROPHONES ON PLEASE? HELLO? ARE WE ON?...
JUST FUCKN PLAY!!
WHAT THE FUCK ARE THEY DOING?
1,2,3,4.... ?!
THE CROWD GOES WILD...
WHEN WE GO ON IT'LL BE GULL OR MATE TOPPLE GREWOP WAS A FUCKN CUNT! COLD FUCK MATE FUCK MATE FUCK MATE FUCK MATE FUCK MATE FUCK MATE FUCK MATE FUCK MATE FUCK MATE FUCK MATE
WHAT WAS SCORE?..
A PINT!
GET ME A COKE?
UH...YEP THANKS...
FUCK THIS SHIT
BZZZZT...!!
RRT...
AH, GUYS..! CANT PLAY THE NEXT SONG 'CAUSE MY E STRINGS BROKE.. IS THIS THE E..STRING? CAN I USE ANOTHER ONE?..
WHATS WRONG WITH MY LEAD?
OH WELL, WE CAN ALWAYS LOOK AT IT AS A REHERSAL...
SLOWLY GOING MAD

Guesse what? Time to collect what hasnt been lost or stolen and put it back in the car. If you've got any sense you'll go home now, but you're in a band so you don't have any sense, you sit there and listen to other bands' dreary shit. You drink your two pots beer rider (why is it called a "rider"?) and spend the $10 you made at the door, in the rare event you have'nt played a "benefit" gig (the "agent" who sometimes books gigs for pubs will, of course, take out a quater of the money for the hurculean task of putting your band's name on the gig list and forgetting you exist on the night) on grog and you'll get home at 3.00 in the mirning and have to unload the shit out of the car and discover what you left at the pub and realise you have to spend a zillion dollars to pay for repairs to the amp and why the fuck do you bother??!

And as far as organising gigs goes, let me advise most strongly that you don't bother. The pub will rip you off (that's what "agents" are paid to do), book another gig that night or add bands to your bill, you'll have bands pull out five minutes before their due to play, you'll have EVERY band, without exception, say they can't play when you've billed them for a variety of bullshit reasons, you'll have to organise a P.A. mixer, you'll have the pub hold over the night's money in case of damages that never happen and you'll sit on the door all bloody night, drinking water to stay sober untill you realise what a bloody waste it is and just get drunk in asperation. Bands will want every friend they have "on the door" (all together now; "My Mate's In The Band" and when the mate turns up "Yea, S/hes' A Mate Of Mine" and that's punter #341 through the door without paying) people will refuse to pay ("Aw, I've only got enough money for beer", "M.M.I.T.B. I'll pay them tommorow", "aw, I'm just here to play pool", "can I just check to see if my mate's here?" etc. etc.) and you'll end up being thought of as a war criminal when you get pissed off and everyone offers such sage advise as "hey, don't get stressed out, it's cool". NO IT'S BLOODY NOT!

The struggle against bullshit begins with the struggle against the local music scene.


HEY MAN THAT WAS FUKIN GROUSE.. I REALLY LIKE THAT EA-E..EARLY PUNK SHIT... YEA, YA SHOULD DO AN SPLATTOO COVER... D'YA GUYS WANNA PLAY A PARTY? WE CAN GIVE Y'S A SLAB OR SOME CHOOF IF YA WANT...
OH, UH, YEA, I WONT BE ABLE TO GIVE YOU A LIFT HOME LIKE I SAID 'CAUSE I'VE DECIDED TO STAY AND WATCH THE OTHER BANDS...
LAST TRAIN FUCKER...
NOOo!
EVERAGAINEVERAGAINEVERAGAINEVERAGAINEVERAGAINEVER...
EARLY NEXT MARNING...
AH YEA.. AH... WE'VE GOT ANOTHER GIG... AH... CAN WE BORROW YAR BASS THIS TIME? ... 'CAUSE WE BROKE THE STRING ON THE OTHER ONE....
CLICK
ANYWAY LIVING AT HOME AND DAD IS AWFUL SINCE MUM LEFT... HI ROCHELLE!...

I DO HOPE MY SPELING AND. PUNTUATION ARENT A PROBLEM WITH ANYONE...
CHG! CHG!